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"American Families."

National



"To care for him who has borne the battle, and for his widow and orphans."

ADAMS, BROWN, CLARK, JOHNSON, SMITH, WILLIAMS.
All who bear the foregoing names should be specially interested in this department of the paper.



AMERICAN FAMILIES

Was Your Great, or Great-Great Grandfather a Colonial
Official or a Revolutionary Soldier?

THERE are thousands of living descendants of Colonial or Revolutionary stock who are either unaware of this creditable distinction, or who hesitate to undertake the troublesome research necessary to establish it.

With the assistance of Mrs. MARY S. LOCKWOOD, one of the most successful of Revolutionary Genealogists, THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE is enabled to render a most important service to those seeking this information.

The plan of this service will be readily understood after an examination of the columns below. It will be seen that we have commenced with six families. Every week new records will appear under each of these family names. It is estimated that at least a year's issues of the paper will be required to complete the records of any one of these names. There were a quarter million Revolutionary soldiers, and many of them bore these names.

From time to time we will add other names. This department should keenly interest not only those who bear these names, but those whose mothers or grandmothers bore them. Revolutionary descent may come through the maternal as well as the paternal ancestor.

When a subscriber finds a record that is thought to be that of an ancestor, Mrs. LOCKWOOD will assist in tracing and verifying the genealogy.

It will thus be seen that for \$1 (the subscription price to THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE for one year) the subscriber whose descent comes through any of these six family names, may settle the question of Revolutionary ancestry.

II.
In hand a cross
crescent, fitted, gules
—A crest of the
Adams family.
Other crests of this
family will be given
from week to week.

ADAMS, ABRAHAM—Born June 26, 1737, at Brookfield, Mass.; died 1809, at Brookfield, Mass. Married Michal Belenger; had a son, Abraham, who married Fanny Sumner; had a grandson, David B. Rising; had a great-granddaughter, Susan L., who married G. Frank Smith.

Rank, Corporal and Sergeant. Was Corporal in Capt. Lee Drury's company in 1776. Served one month two days, Aug. 21, 1777. He enlisted as Sergeant in Capt. Joseph Warren's company, Lieut. Col. Wheelock's regiment, At the Battle of the Clouds, Aug. 20, 1777. ADAMS, BENJAMIN—Born Jan. 22, 1738, at Simsbury, Conn.; died January, 1816, at Addison, Vt. Married Hannah Dyer; had a son, Benjamin, who married Susan; had a grandson, Hecctor, who married Laura Merriam; had a great-granddaughter, Susan L., who married G. Frank Smith.

Rank, Sergeant and Second Lieutenant. The first term of the military service of Benjamin Adams extended from May 4 to Dec. 10, 1775, ranking as Sergeant. In the Hudson River campaign he was Second Lieutenant in Capt. Amasa Mills's company. ADAMS, JAMES—Born March 19, 1732, at Concord, Mass.; died March 10, 1803, at Lincoln, Mass. Married Delia; had a son, Eli, who married Sarah Swift; had a grandson, Julius W., who married Elizabeth Denison.

His name is found as a minuteman at Concord, April 27, 1775, was made Adjutant of the Committee of Safety. ADAMS, JOHN—Born June 19, 1725, at Boston, Mass.; died 1792, at Newfield, Me. Married Hannah Chesley; had a son, Samuel, who married Elizabeth Lemon Prentiss; had a grandson, George H., who married Mary Bradbury. ADAMS, SAMUEL—Born April 21, 1740, at Boston, Mass.; died Nov. 7, 1845, at Boston, Mass. Married Catharine Hodges; had a daughter, Catharine Hodges, who married William Fenno; had a granddaughter, Emma, who married Daniel F. Carleton.

Served in Capt. Josiah Harris's company, Col. Wm. Bond's regiment. Was at the battle of Bunker Hill. ADAMS, WILLIAM—Born Oct. 17, 1752, at Lisbon, Conn.; died Dec. 8, 1840, at Lisbon, Conn. Married Phyllis Ensworth; had a daughter, Lucy, who married Fanning Tracy; had a granddaughter, Lucy Adams, who married Charles Jewett; had a great-grandson, William Parker, who married Mary Louisa Bowe.

Gen. Putnam's 3d regiment, Connecticut, discharged Dec. 16, 1775. September, 1776, re-enlisted, joining Col. Rogers's regiment. The last eight years of his life he was a pensioner. ADAMS, ZEBEDIAH—Born July 5, 1733, at New Marlborough, Mass.; died Aug. 3, 1857, at New Marlborough, Mass. Married Abigail Taft; had a son, Milton, who married Prudence Palmer; had a grandson, Chaucey Edward, who married Martha Turner.

Enlisted 1775 in Capt. Moses Soule's company, Col. Fellow's regiment. Served until January, 1776, as private; marched to New York in Capt. Steven Dewey's company, Col. Smith's regiment; served up to December, 1776. In 1777 marched to northern New York in Capt. Zenas Wheeler's company. In 1781 his name appears with rank of Sergeant in the 8th Regt. Adams's company.

Other records of the Adams family will appear in this column from week to week. A cock, pheasant, azure, comb and beaked, orle, a crest of the Browne family. Other crests of this family will be given from week to week.

BROWN, ALPHEUS—Born Jan. 25, 1762, at Canterbury, Conn.; died Jan. 12, 1842, at Windsor, Mass. Married Abigail Pierce; had a son, Alpheus, who married Elizabeth Holbrook; had a grandson, Scholton Holbrook, who married Cicely T. McCord.

Enlisted July 24, 1779, in Berkshire Co., Mass. Militia, under Capt. Daniel Brown; discharged Sept. 7, 1779. Oct. 28, 1781, served under Capt. John Pierce. His father, John Brown, marched under Capt. William Clark to Bennington, August, 1777, and was with his son in 1781. BROWN, BENJAMIN—Born Oct. 17, 1749, at Worcester, Mass.; died Oct. 1, 1821, at Athens, Ohio. Married Jean Thomas; had a daughter, Patience, who married Nehemiah Gregory; had a grandson, Maria, who married Milton McNeal; had a great-grandson, Austin, who married Sarah Ann Rawson.

TREASURY RECEIPTS LAST WEEK.

The following is a statement of United States Treasury receipts for last week:
Monday, Oct. 22.....\$2,289,146.84
Tuesday, Oct. 23.....1,304,441.50
Wednesday, Oct. 24.....2,567,376.34
Thursday, Oct. 25.....1,437,108.12
Friday, Oct. 26.....2,001,319.82
Saturday, Oct. 27.....2,487,149.92

Whoever guesses nearest to the Treasury receipts for Monday, Dec. 31, 1900, will win \$500 cash. Other prizes for those who guess next nearest. An extraordinary prize of \$1,000 for anyone who guesses the exact receipts. Details next week.

1777; was present at battles of Bennington and Bemis Heights and at surrender of Burgoyne. Received Major's commission at close of war.

BROWNE, BETH INGERSOLL—Born 1750, at Cambridge, Mass.; died March 9, 1809, at Charlestown, Mass. Married Sarah Godding; had a daughter, Harriet, who married William Hanson; had a grandson, Peter, who married Wm. Stevens Robinson.

Seth I. Browne was prominent in all patriotic movements during the struggle for independence. In 1773 was one of the "Indians" that threw the tea overboard; in 1775 was a non-commissioned officer at the battle of Bunker Hill, and there was wounded. When the specie sent by La Fayette to George Washington was carried across the country, Seth Browne was one of nine men detailed to act as guard.

BROWN, SOLOMON—Born Jan. 24, 1757, at America, N. Y.; died July 2, 1831, at Westland, N. Y. Married Sally Nash; had a son, Theron, who married Clarissa Harmon; had a grandson, Volney Payne, who married Sarah Rebecca Avery.

Served in Capt. Ebenezer Sloan's 1st company of minutemen of Westchester Co., N. Y. Col. Samuel Drake's regiment; was present at the battle of Saratoga, and did active service throughout the war.

BROWN, ZEPHANIAH—Born June 13, 1739, at Providence, R. I.; died July 25, 1810, at Providence, R. I. Married Dinah Westcott; had a son, John, who married Mary Waterman; had a granddaughter, Harriet, who married Wm. M. Bailey.

Enlisted in 1776, with rank of Ensign. In 1779 was commissioned Lieutenant, and in 1781 commanded a company in Col. Christopher Greene's regiment.

Other records of the Brown and Browne families will appear in this column from week to week. A demi-griffin, ducally gored—A crest of the Clarke family. Other crests of this family will be given from week to week.

CLARK, AMOS—Born April 8, 1765; at Bedford, N. Y.; died August 20, 1797, at Bedford, N. Y. Married Patience Newman; had a son, Peter, who married Laura Russell; had a grandson, Amos Russell, who married Helen Washburn.

Rank, Sergeant. Served in Capt. Joseph Church's 8th Company, 3d Battalion, Wadsworth Brigade, Amos Clark's company was one raised for the relief of Washington at New York, June, 1776; served in New York City and on Long Island, was in the battle of Red Bank. Term of service expired December, 1776.

CLARK, ASAHEL—Born Feb. 17, 1737, at East Hampton, Mass.; died Feb. 17, 1822, at East Hampton, Mass. Married Submiel Gregory; had a son, Eliking, who married Lydia Kingsley; had a grandson, Anson Kingsley, who married Laura Brown; had a great-grandson, Horace Seymour, who married Sarah Webster.

Entered the army in 1776; rose to the rank of Lieutenant in 1778, serving then in Capt. Joseph Clapp's company, Hampshire County Regiment. His son, Joseph, also did service at various times throughout the war, turning out on the Ticonderoga Alarm when only 15 years of age.



A Story of Aaron Burr's Conspiracy.

By JOHN R. MUSICK.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING PORTION.

This story of the life of Aaron Burr began early in the year 1804, when he was Vice-President and candidate for Governor of New York. The main characters of the story, beside Burr himself, are Gen. Alexander Hamilton, ex-Congressman W. F. Van Ness, who was the husband of the famous Maria Burr, whose father's farm covered the greater part of the site of Washington, and Swartout, another New York politician, both backers of Col. Burr's fortunes; Mr. Geo. Granger, of Perth Amboy, N. J., an ardent Hamiltonian; Datchery, a banker of Albany and sympathetic friend of Burr; Harry Granger, a son of Geo. Granger, a rather shallow youth, captivated by Burr and in love with Miss Maude Livingston, of Albany; Mrs. Jarvis, a widow of a broken-down Tory family; Mrs. Samuel Chick, of Albany, her daughter, whose name was discreetly associated with that of Burr, and several minor characters.

Burr was ingloriously defeated in the election for Governor, and as a result stirred up a quarrel with Hamilton, his attention being called to some newspaper reports by Mrs. Chick. Hamilton attempted to escape from the duel by offering to explain any statement with reference to Col. Burr, but the latter put the matter in such shape that there was no opportunity for a reconciliation. Burr having deliberately planned to kill Hamilton from the start.

Pending the duel (a month elapsed between the date of the challenge and the meeting) Burr went to Albany and was seen going into the house of Mrs. Chick at night, in the absence of her husband, creating great scandal. At the banquet of the Order of Cincinnati, a week before his death, Hamilton presided and Burr was present, sitting alongside of Mrs. Chick, and further increased the comment as to their relations. Datchery sold Mr. Geo. Granger a tract of wild land in Pennsylvania for \$5,000. The papers were executed by Hamilton, and on the way home, in a sloop, Mr. Granger and the notary who witnessed the papers were overtaken in a sudden storm and drowned, the papers being lost. Burr notified Datchery not to sell the land, as valuable minerals had been found on the tract. Datchery goes to bed after failing to see Burr, wishing that Hamilton were also out of the road, when all knowledge of the sale of the land for which he was paid the \$5,000 would be wiped out. The night before the duel Hamilton makes his will and Burr writes to his daughter, Theodosia.

THE DUEL.

At daybreak on the morning of July 11, 1804, John Swartout arrived at Richmond Hill, and entering Col. Burr's room, saw the Vice-President lying on the couch sleeping peacefully and quietly as if he were resting for a hunt or pleasure excursion. Well as he knew Burr, he was astonished on approaching him to find his slumber so tranquil.

"Colonel, it is time to go," he said, laying his hand on the sleeper's shoulder. Aaron Burr started up with a yawn, then smiling on his visitor, answered: "Thanks; but for you I would have overslept myself."

"Where is Van Ness?" asked Swartout. "He stayed here last night. Go to his room and awake him."

"I am not asleep," Van Ness answered from the head of the stair, where he was hurriedly dressing as he came down. In fact, Van Ness had slept none during the night. To him it had been a watch-night—a watch with death. By the time Van Ness was ready Matthew L. Davis and another friend or two who were in the secret had arrived, and the party started to the river, where a boat was waiting.

"Where be ye a' goin' so early, murderers?" hissed a shrill voice under Burr saw an old woman clothed in rags, whose shriveled cheeks and blazing eyes, as she glared at him from under her great flaring bonnet, gave her the appearance of a fiend. As she advanced toward them her mouth worked, increasing her ugliness, and she mumbled some unintelligible words.

"Mrs. Brown, woman, fiend, devil, go away!" cried Burr.

for many years, decorated with the initials of visitors to the historic spot. One large rock, breast-high, narrowed the hollow in which Hamilton stood to four feet or less.

Being inaccessible to foot passengers along the river, except at low tide, with no path down to it from the rocky heights above, no residence, unless at a great distance, was in sight on that side of the river, making it a singularly secluded scene. Ninety years ago, when no prophet had yet predicted Hoboken, that romantic spot was nearly an unbroken solitude. A third of a mile below the dwelling-ground there stood a little tavern, the occasional resort of excursionists, where, too, dueling parties not unfrequently breakfasted before proceeding to the ground, and where they sometimes returned to invigorate their restored friendship with the landlord's wine. A short distance above the ground lived a warm-hearted, brave old Captain, possessing more sense than sentiment, and who cared little for forms and customs. If he got scent of a duel, he would rush to the place, throw himself between the combatants, and never give over persuading and threatening until he had established a peace or a truce between them. Being the owner of the ground, he could speak with authority.

"Oh, had I only seen the approach of the boats on that morning," he used often to say. "I would have prevented the duel and saved a great and good man to his country."

But to prevent suspicion, it had been arranged that Col. Burr's boat should arrive some time before the other.

At early dawn the landlord at the inn was awake and bustling about in his taproom. His only customer on this morning was a Perth Amboy fisherman who had landed to get a breakfast.

"Aw! I tell ye, landlord, I did have hard lines beatin' up agin wind and tide 'most all night," said the fisherman.

"So ye be from Perth Amboy?" asked the inquisitive landlord.

"Yes, I be."

"I hear you had a dreadful storm, and lost two men?"

"Right ye be, landlord; it did blow great guns all night, and poor Mr. Granger and a man from New York, with Ben Gibbs, were drowned."

"Ye know all about it?" asked the landlord. "There are so many tales nowadays, and people are so given to lying that one cannot tell the truth when they hear it."

"I saw Mr. Granger dead, sir. He war a master good man, and his poor destitute wife do grieve for him very much."

"Destitute. Do you say destitute. Be not the family rich, Jen Bouncer?"

"Nay, landlord, nay. They have but few pounds in the house now. Their houses and lands be all sold and the money was saved to be taken to New York to buy lands out West," explained Jen Bouncer.

"But there be no trade, and as Mr. Granger come back he be drowned, and the gold lost in the sea."

It was about 6:30; Burr and Van Ness

landed, and leaving their boat a few rods down the river, ascended over the rocks to the appointed place.

"Hillo, landlord, wot be the men goin' up the cliff for?" asked Jen Bouncer.

"I don't know, Jen. Now that do seem master queer! There are two more waitin' in the boat."

Burr and Van Ness had disappeared when Jen Bouncer climbed along the cliff to where Mr. Davis and the boatman sat awaiting the issue of events. To all Jim's inquiries they gave stupid and misleading answers, and Jen shook his head and declared it "master queer proceedings, anyway."

Hamilton was very grave and pale that morning. He was dressed with scrupulous neatness, and as he laid off his coat his immaculate white linen glistened in the morning sun. He did not tremble, he was not excited, but during the brief colloquy between the seconds he stood with

his arms folded across his breast, gazing across the river to the city just awakening into busy life. His eyes tried to penetrate the distance, and single out from the many houses half enshrouded in blue mist the Grange, where his wife and innocent children were, little dreaming of the awful danger which hung over the father and themselves.

Burr turned toward the heights under which they stood, and his thoughts were dark, black, revengeful and wicked.

The seconds came forward and gave their principals the weapons. As Pendleton placed the pistol in Hamilton's hand he asked:

"Will you have the half-spring set?"

"Not this time," was the quiet answer. "Now, gentlemen," said Pendleton, addressing both principals, "the lot has fallen to me to give the word of command. The rules which we have agreed upon with regard to firing are but two, and simple, very simple. I will first ask you if you are ready, and when both have answered in the affirmative, I will say present. After I have given the word present you are to fire as soon as you please."

The principals stood silent and motionless, while the seconds withdrew to the usual distance.

"Are you ready?" asked Pendleton.

"I am," responded Burr in his deep thunder tones, calculated to intimidate a weak person.

"I am," answered Gen. Hamilton in his calm, sweet voice, not betraying the least agitation.

A moment's pause followed, then the fatal word was given.

Aaron Burr raised his pistol and took aim to kill. That hand seemed steady by the devil. A stunning report rang out on the air; Gen. Hamilton sprang upon his toes, while a shudder convulsed his frame; he reeled a little toward the heights, at which moment the spasmodic contraction of his finger discharged his pistol, and then he fell forward headlong upon his face. His ball rustled among the branches seven feet above Burr's head and fell four feet wide of him. Burr heard it, looked up and saw where it had severed a twig, and then turned his eyes toward Hamilton, who had fallen.

"You must away from here, Colonel!" cried Van Ness, and seeing Burr and spreading an umbrella over him so as to shield him from observation, he hastened him down a path to their boat. Here they halted only long enough for Burr to light a cigar, and springing into the boat, Burr went across the river as coolly as if he had only shot a rabid dog on the ledge above.

The landlord of the tavern had come to where Jen Bouncer in his stupid way was trying to interrogate Mr. Davis and Dr. Hosack, who still waited with the others in the boats.

"Wot be you waitin' for?" asked the landlord, who had an eye to business.

"Will ye come to my tavern and have a warm breakfast?"

"Perhaps," the Doctor answered.

"The sun be risen, an' it will grow mortal hot afore long."

At this moment a sharp report rang out from the bluff above, and both Davis and the Doctor leaped ashore and started up the rocky steep. A second shot rang out, and Jen Bouncer having regained his speech gasped:

"Aw! but I know now why the gentlemen went up the cliff!"

"A duel by —!" gasped the landlord, and he and Jen also hurried up the steep. Burr and Van Ness had disappeared down another path, when Dr. Hosack, Mr. Davis and Pendleton hurried anxiously up the rocks to the scene of the duel.

Mr. Pendleton ran to the prostrate friend the moment he fell, and Burr and his second cowardly deserted him. Dr. Hosack found Gen. Hamilton sitting on the grass with the ghastly lines of death upon his countenance, while his second supported him in his arms.

The Doctor reached his side, and stooped over the sufferer.

"This is a mortal wound, Doctor," he gasped, and then sank away into a swoon. The Doctor stripped up his clothes, saw that the ball had entered his side, and from the range must have penetrated some vital part.

"Is the wound fatal, Doctor?" Pendleton asked.

"It can't be otherwise."

"He has fainted."

"Yes, and I doubt if he ever revives."

"God grant that he may live to see his wife."

"If he does, we must get him across the river at once. There is not a moment to lose."

"Aw! God bless me, what be this? A dead man—a dead man!" gasped Jen Bouncer, who at this moment arrived, panting, on the scene. "Who be it?"

"Idiot, don't stop to ask questions!" cried the Doctor. "Beside yourself. Take hold, gently now, and hasten him down to the boat."

The bewildered fisherman seized the wounded man, and, aided by Pendleton and the boatman, hurried him down to the boat. Burr's boat was already some distance away, and the Vice-President could be seen sitting in the stern, silently puffing away at his cigar. In those days it was thought heroic, by some, to be brutal, and the coolness of Burr on this occasion was long a popular theme among his friends.

The Doctor did not expect Gen. Hamilton to revive. When the wounded man was tenderly placed in the boat, the Doctor took a seat in the stern, with his head in his knee.

"Get in, sir, and take an oar!" said Mr. Pendleton to the amazed and stupefied Jen Bouncer, who stood gazing in open-mouthed wonder.

"Aw! be ye a meanin' me? I—I—"

"Get in, or I will brain you! There is no time to delay."

The fisherman, amazed and appalled, climbed into the boat, seized an oar and handled it quite lustily. As the boat sped across the stream the Doctor used the usual restoratives, and the wounded man gradually revived.

"He breathes," said the Doctor.

"God grant that we may get him home

(Continued on seventh page.)



"HAMILTON WAS VERY GRAVE AND PALE."